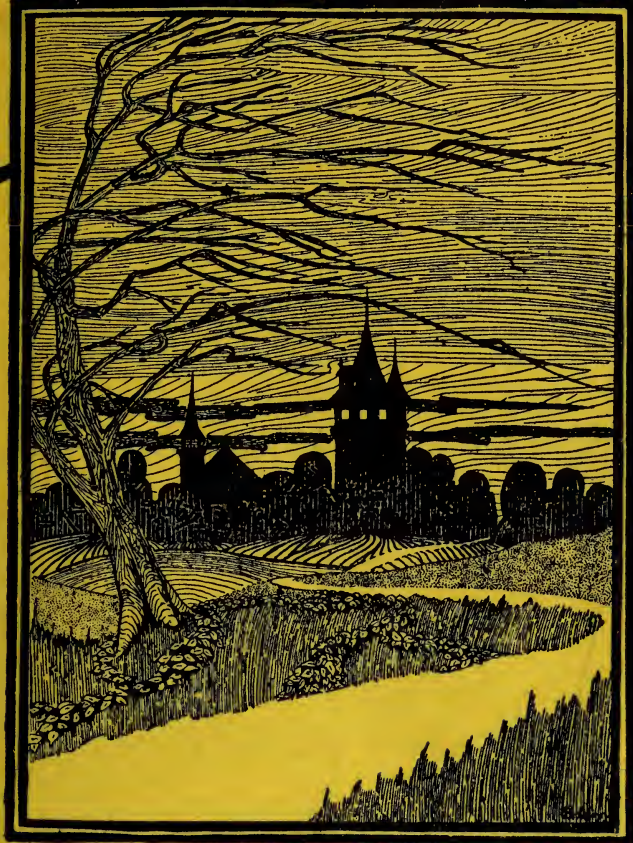


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THE CHIMES

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The Editorial Staff wishes to thank the business men who have made possible the printing of this school publication. We especially appreciate their co-operation in this period of financial hardship.

We also wish to thank the students who have contributed material. We regret that, as a measure of economy, we were unable to print many articles which were submitted.



THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

James L. Cohen, '32

Washington—the Father of our country, “First in War, first in Peace, and first in the hearts of our countrymen,” our first and greatest President who started the wheels of our government. Upon him fell the burden of putting into action our stable government, and no man could have better taken his place.

As a boy he enjoyed a reputation for bravery, a strong physique, and an ability to train rough horses. These traits were important in forming his character. Washington's management and development of Mt. Vernon became so well known that he was hailed as one of the best farmers of Virginia. The basis of his prosperity was his honest and fair dealing with all. Washington's honesty and his unselfishness led people to respect him more than other men.

Washington had a rare merit, called “the seeing eye” which travel improved much. The most important fruit of his travels was the ability to see the need of a strong central government which he helped to bring about in time of need. The value of his guidance at the Constitutional Convention can never be overestimated. His travels, therefore, both in private and military life, aided him to understand the foundation of America and her people.

First in War, first in Peace,—a superiority rare in the history of great men,—Washington held the army and the cause together by his inexhaustible patience, courage and bravery. He had no fear.

Washington was as great a statesman as he was a soldier. He was destined to become the Father of His Country, and his experience in war ripened his wisdom when he became President. He was not a great orator, but it is said that “actions speak louder than words.” Washington was able to plan wisely for the future because when he had to choose or decide anything, he considered the country as a whole and chose what he thought would bring it the most lasting benefit, also because he was free from party favoring and strong in his nationalism.

We, therefore, the citizens of the United States of America, should all participate, young and old, in the coming celebration of the Bicentennial of George Washington’s Birthday.

The least one can do is to read his biographies and to understand this ideal hero of the ages better than we ever have known him before.

OLD REMEMBRANCES

Alan Webster, '33

Gone are the days of the spark and transformer radio amateur. In the good old days the blue flame used to shoot across the electrodes and throw a pale blue light on the drawn features of the Fiend at the throttle. The house lights for miles around were very perceptibly dimmed as the key was depressed in the sending of a thunderous Q S T (meaning, “If anyone hears this, for Pete’s sake let me know,) on Allah-only-knows-what wave length.

In those days beginnings were attempted with a Ford coil. These little ether microbes caused more naval operators and government inspectors to take to drink than any other known reason. Then, by fair means or foul, the Fiend must get his antenna erected. Many obstacles must be overcome, especially the father’s refusal to allow his

"insane" son to put nail holes in the roof. In this case the only alternative was rubber nails, but as these were unheard of, the antenna was put up in the regular way (when the father was in town on business). Upon the father's homecoming, the antenna, proudly floating in the breeze, met his gaze. The lead-in was brought in through a hole in the window (made by an accidental push on the pane).

Next came the set; alas, in those days the tuning coil stretched from attic to cellar, or kitchen to parlor depending on the experimenter's aim of efficiency, and condensers were made from mother's preserving jars and tinfoil from tobacco tins. Variable condensers were attempted, but few indeed were the fellows who could make them.

The galena crystal detector was cherished by the Fiend more than that precious yellow metal and was necessary, O Ether God, if Germany was to be heard on long waves. The next step of the Fiend was to get platinum contacts for his crystal. Acid spilled on the new rug was just an incident, slivers of galena in father's feet just an accident, but! the disappearance of mother's platinum pin! Well, it must have fallen down the sink.

Great massive switches of long ago were procured by tireless trips to second-hand junk shops, converted into lightning change-over switches, and screwed under the window sill.

But now when the amateur settles comfortably in his easy chair, puts his hand to his key interrupting a beam of light turning on his transmitter, and starts to C Q he wonders if everything is a dream (sometimes.)

THE COMMON THINGS

Skippy, '32

The day's common noises
Thrown together make a song;
The plain sparrows hunting
For food, a happy throng;
The busy droning, life's common happenings,
Woven together make life's happiness.

MY VISIT TO THE DOG SHOW

Laura Cogswell, '35

This year I had the good fortune to be able to attend the Twentieth Annual Dog Show in Mechanics' Building, Boston. One thousand fifty dogs, the aristocracy of dogdom, were assembled there from the leading kennels of America, Canada, and England. Every champion crowned at the Westminster Show in New York was present.

As I entered the large exhibition hall, a serenade of various barks greeted my ears. Row upon row of wire cages were lined across the hall. I walked up and down the aisles looking at every dog. Some were barking, some were howling, and others were quietly resting. Many champions had beautiful silver cups on the bedding beside them. The dignified Saint Bernards and Newfoundlands lay quiet except for a wag of the tail when someone stopped to admire them, but the noisy little fox terriers kept up an incessant barking. A few of the champions to catch my eye were George West's champion, Gamecock Duke of Wales; Mrs. Florence B. Ilch's handsome collie, Lucason of Ashtead O'Bellhaven; S. S. Van Dine's Heather Reveller of Sporrán, a Scotch terrier; Leonard Buck's Great My Own; Elizabeth Loring's Champion Seafarer, a huge Newfoundland; and Mrs. William Dreer's Shetland sheepdog, Wee laird O'Downfield. There were many, many others too numerous to name. The West Highland white terriers owned honors offered for their breed.

On Wednesday, the last day of the show, The Great My Own, an inky black, proud little cocker spaniel, owned by Leonard Buck, was judged best in the show.

Of all the dogs, my favorites were the wee Shetland sheepdogs and the collies. Shetland sheepdogs are like miniature collies. They weigh only from seven to fifteen pounds and are the dearest little dogs imaginable. The collies always have been my favorite dogs and probably always will be. They are quite large and very handsome. Altogether I think my visit to the Dog Show was a most enjoyable experience.

PROBLEMS OF MODERN CIVILIZATION

Donald W. Parsons, '32

The greatest problems which man has to contend with today in his struggle for existence can be grouped under three main heads: social, economic, and scientific. Every human, every group or society, and every nation is connected in some degree with all of these problems. They are closely related by indissoluble ties, and due to their complexity it is not easy to separate them. The main problem of the world today is to try to adjust the disrupted economic conditions so that they will harmonize with the perturbed social conditions. In order to insure peace and harmony, the economic and social conditions must be balanced.

The scientific factor is the cause which tends to disarrange this balance. In the past two decades, inventions and improved machinery have taken such tremendous strides that they have thrown the other two factors out of adjustment. Undoubtedly our present world-wide depression is due mainly to this maladjustment. Unemployment, crime, poverty, and many other of our modern evils can be traced directly to this source. People who vow that our present misfortunes are caused by bad administration, graft, corruption and crooked politics show a distinct form of narrow-mindedness and ignorance in looking at the situation. The age of machinery is mainly responsible.

There are four distinct diseases of our social civilization: crime, poverty, war and insanity. It is only by a continual struggle that man has held all these destructive powers in check. There are many people in this world who have resigned themselves to the fact that these are necessary evils which man can never hope to overcome on this earth. Some religious beliefs are even based on this assumption. It is very true that these conditions have always existed, but that is no reason to assume that this will always be the case. If men could learn to live together intelligently, these evils would give us but a minimum of bother.

Our social civilization is not impregnable. Was it not only yesterday that it almost succumbed in the great war? Insanity, crime and poverty are caused by the failure of the individual to adjust himself to the demands and restraints

which are placed on him by the group in which he lives. The barbarous custom of war is caused by the conflicting greeds and desires of nations for natural goods and property.

At the present time the economic state of affairs in the world is appalling. But, as history relates that depressions are periodic in the development of mankind, I do not think we have anything but a rosy future awaiting us.

Since the beginning of history, the production of food has been the main economic problem of mankind. Today this is no longer a problem. Science has solved this, and now we have overproduction. Our warehouses are stocked with food and goods, and everywhere there seems to be a surplus. But, you may ask with all sincerity, if this is the case, why is it that so many of our people are underclothed and starving? Monopoly of production and inefficient methods of equal distribution are the cause. This is the price that any capitalistic nation or group must pay.

Man seems to have attacked the scientific problem with more vim and vigor than he has attacked any of the others, and therefore it is in this field that he has made such tremendous progress. Victories over disease and sickness are common occurrences. Although these nuisances have not yet been abolished from society, the ultimate victory against them does not seem the least bit doubtful. Machines and inventions are increasing our physical comforts daily, and they are also giving us more time to enjoy life. If this excess time, which the labor-saving devices give us, is put in the hands of the uneducated masses, it will breed nothing but harm unless their surplus energies are directed in proper channels. This is one reason for the unprecedented rise of athletics in our country recently.

In the next few years our civilization will come to its crucial test. If there are enough intelligent persons in this world to bring it out of the economic and social chaos in which it is now plunged without bringing on any great calamity, then, I think we will be safe in saying that this civilization is really stable and lasting, and not controlled by the whims and fancies of a few potentates.

PICCOLO PETE

Rosalie Creelman, '35

And now, dear reader, if you will lend me your ears a minute, you will hear of the fate of a huge man named Pete. Pete played the piccolo till all the birdies went "tweet-tweet."

Pete played high,
 Pete played low,
 Pete played middle C
 On his piccolo.

For a while all was hotsy-totsy, as piccolo playing was the fad. This continued until Pete ate too much spaghetti one night and had to cough in the middle of one of his piccolo selections. The spaghetti strangled him, you see. This unfortunate happening spoiled Pete's piccolo business.

Poor Pete was banished from the land. In the South Seas on a small group of islands he made his home. (The name of islands unknown.) There he played an' played and ate an' ate—spaghetti. If any of the natives were bad, they were put in Pete's straw shack and compelled to listen to his wheezy playing.

Finally the King o' the Islands tired of Pete's piccolo playing and ordered the non-famous musician to be locked up in a dark, dreary dungeon.

Pete then turned hermit in his cell and—

He played to the moon,
 He played to the stars
 He played everythin'
 Behind the steel bars.

And—

If you should sail away
 On a lovely summer day
 Adown where the crocodiles grow
 You probably will hear
 Either afar or near
 Pete playin' on his piccolo.

Now, before I return your ears, listen to your instructions.. Never, never eat spaghetti before playing the piccolo.

IN A DREAM

Helen Spear, '33

Pauline was in a strange land. How she got there she didn't know, but she was there nevertheless. Hesitatingly she took a step forward. Nothing happened. Another step—still nothing happened. Pauline felt a little more confident, so she walked on a little faster. Daring at last to turn her head, she glanced around to her left, only to catch a reflection of herself. Repeating the same action to the right, she again saw herself. It was then she realized that she was in a passage-way, both sides of which were lined with mirrors which reflected her as a little girl with a stature of about three feet. A quick glance behind her showed only a pitch-black darkness, so she decided to keep going ahead. There seemed to be a light at the end of the tunnel, drawing her forward. After she had walked and walked along the passage which seemed to be endless, she entered a circular room which had a bright light gleaming in the center of it. Silence—no one around. Pauline shivered at the dreadful silence and horror of her surroundings. Why didn't something happen? How could she get out of the maze of passage-ways? Then she noticed that from the circular room were numerous doorways, probably entrances to such tunnels as she had just emerged from. As she stood there, terrified, she saw something that terrified her all the more. From each doorway came a figure of such size that Pauline screamed. Seeming not to hear her, the figures advanced, and, even though she was frozen with horror, Pauline took note of their sizes and characteristics. They seemed to be joined together by bolts, instead of being assembled like humans, and as they walked Pauline heard the "clank-clank" of metal bumping against metal. Their arms hung limp, and their hands were of enormous size with fingers resembling the talons of an eagle. Their eyes were just holes bored in their yellowish faces, and she could see no ears on the sides of their heads. Then she saw that they were clothed in metal suits resembling the armor of ancient days. Horrors! What manner of people were they? Inwardly, she prayed for some deliverance from those talons which were coming nearer to her every second.

They were close enough now for her to hear a sound issuing from the mouths of these seemingly-mechanical creatures. The sound wasn't intelligible to the horror-stricken girl, but it sounded more like a groan than anything else. As the monsters got within a few feet of her and stretched those bony claws in her direction, she gathered her last few gasps of breath and uttered an ear-splitting shriek of terror,—then felt herself falling.

She looked up into her mother's worried eyes, and heard her say, "Pauline, what is the matter? Your shriek awoke me with a start."

Between gasps of terror and relief, Pauline related the nightmare to her mother, and in conclusion she added, "I shall never eat rarebit before going to bed again, believe me."

SPRING

Dorothy Clapp, '35

The world is waiting for sunny spring,
Birds and bees and everything,
Little insects on the wing,
Wishing to awake and sing.

All the flowers long to sprout;
All the buds are bursting out
And green things springing up about
Know spring is coming without a doubt.

And now spring morn has come at last
And winter is a thing now past.
The birds and bees are flying fast
To fields with flowers deeply massed.

Sweet little flowers hidden from the cold
Have risen and donned their mantles of gold,
For a wee little robin has flown and told
That the beauties of spring have begun to unfold.

POTATO BUGS

Catherine looked up from the dull earth at the bright red and yellow of the sky. She watched a small cloud pass through the brilliant colors,—watched it fade from a flame color to pale pink as it drifted away to the east; and she saw the sun hidden by a larger cloud and the light falling over the edges.

Catherine forgot the potatoes in the drab earth, forgot her dirty hands and old cotton dress. She was, for a moment, part of that beauty in the sky; she was up there in the clouds; the sky was her world and that cloud her castle.

“Cath---erine, Cath---erine.” Catherine started. That shrill voice brought her back to earth, but the light that had come to her eyes lingered and her cheeks were glowing.

“Catherine, hur--ry.” Her mother’s voice seemed to scrape along the ground. It reminded one of dishpans and clothespins, and the Fuller Brush man. Catherine even fancied she saw a small squirrel scamper away in great fright at the sound. She laughed and, picking up her bucket of newly-dug potatoes, walked slowly back to the house.

“Oh, Kate,” said her mother, “your Aunt Jennie wrote and wants to know if you’d like to come up there for a short visit and kinda help out a bit durin’ harvest. Isn’t that fine? You’ve never been up there, y’know. You can take your nice blue dress and wear that brown one Mrs. Murray gave you and—”

“And an old dress for the potato patch,” put in Catherine.

* * . * * * * *

Catherine enjoyed the excitement of the crowded station, the bustling noisy people and the shouting porter. She liked to imagine about the lives of the different travellers and wonder why they hurried so.

She got on the train, and when she was seated, she took up a book and lost herself in the charm of Shelley’s poems. After a while she closed her book and looked up.

“Oh, hello,” Catherine spoke to a young man who had seated himself opposite her.

He was a tall, slim man, with long, brown hair. His

features were fine and his skin was fair. His face seemed to glow with an inner radiance, and his eyes were very bright blue. He was dressed in the style of the nineteenth century, and his shirt was open at the neck, giving him a boyish look.

Suddenly the ugly red plush train seats, the dirty smoky windows and the other passengers disappeared. Catherine and the young man were seated alone on the grass beneath a tall Eucalyptus tree, looking out over the hills that sloped down to a small lake. The sun was an orange ball in the western sky; its light falling on the wild poppies seemed to enflame the hillsides. The two watched the pageant of the setting sun breathlessly, and when the sky was blue and gray in the twilight and a cool autumn breeze stirred the poppies gently, Catherine said, "Oh, Shelley, if only I could leave a part of as much beauty in the world when I die as the sun leaves on the horizon when it disappears in the evening."

Shelley smiled and said, "You can. You can have and give beauty. You're a part of that that you see, and you can enter where it is, where you see it in the sky—for you know the way."

"Shelley, we can go into the sunset? We can? Oh, come." Catherine's eyes were big. She threw her head back and laughed.

"Shelley, the west wind is here; see the—

'Leaves are driven like ghosts
From an enchanter fleeing,
Oh, wild west wind——'

The conductor looked at Catherine and said, "I guess she's asleep."

"Well, asleep or not," shrilled the fat lady, "this is our section and she'll have to move."

The boy with the freckles, evidently the fat lady's son, said, "Naw, she's bugs." He tapped his head significantly.

Catherine looked up, suddenly wide awake.

"But not potato bugs," she said triumphantly.

A Senior

IF CAESAR MET SHAKESPEARE

Doris Overland, '34

(This scene is halfway between London and Rome. Shakespeare enters carrying a pen and scroll. Caesar enters with attendants. He starts angrily toward Shakespeare, who looks up from his scroll in mild surprise.)

Caesar: Here you! You're the fellow I want!

Shakespeare: Leave me! I am deep in meditation. Ah yes! "Romeo says to Juliet—"

Caesar: (with a sneer) Writing another one of your best sellers?

Shakespeare: (indignantly) I beg your pardon! I caught a whit of sarcasm in your voice.

Caesar: Sarcasm and more too!

Shakespeare: Who are you?

Caesar: Do you hear, gods on Mount Olympus? There is a man who does not know Caesar when he meets him face to face.

Shakespeare: Ah yes! I wrote a play on a Roman Emperor. Ah, yes, Caesar was the name. He did not impress me much in some ways, but I saw that his life had dramatic value.

Caesar: Have I, Julius Caesar, nothing to say about how my life should be written? Should a person of high birth have his vices and virtues open to the derision of the common people?

Shakespeare: But, of course, I thought you were dead.

Caesar: Ha! I surprised you; didn't I? I am constant as the northern star.

Shakespeare: Kindly refrain from quoting my plays. You do not appreciate them.

Caesar: Quote you? Ah no! As a child I have stood before proud parents and cried, "I am constant as the northern star." In school when confronted by a problem whose solution was very difficult, I would cry out, "I am constant as the northern star." Before the Senate filled with those old in body and older in reasoning, I cried out, "I am constant as the northern star." All through Rome they cried out, "Caesar is constant as the northern star! Lo! he is that constant!" I have always said, and shall always

say, "I am constant as the northern star." for "I AM constant as the northern star."

Shakespeare: I concede that point to you. You are "constant as the northern star," but, man, the whole world knows that only Shakespeare could have written that clever line. Moreover, the whole world knows that your "Gallic Wars" is stupid literature without one whit of humor or tragedy in it.

Caesar: Oh, so you're jealous! There aren't many people in the world that don't know that "all Gaul is divided into three parts."

Shakespeare: Gaul is not divided into three parts. In fact there is no Gaul.

Caesar: Oh really, most brilliant master of the pen! Then I guess that the commander of all Gaul doesn't know anything about Gaul—eh?

Shakespeare: You are decidedly behind the times.

Caesar: I want to know why you wrote a play with the mighty Caesar in it and killed him off in the third act. Man, you are a writer, but you do not know how to handle a plot when you try to bring Caesar in. His very name breathes courage, and it should fill the pages to the very end—Caesar, Caesar, Caesar, always Caesar.

Shakespeare: What ego!

Caesar: Caesar first, last, and always! You put in a lifeless puppet; that is the Caesar who made the world a Roman world. A curse on your pen! You senseless creature, you could not be stirred by the stupendous victories and the greatness of Caesar. No! You glorify Brutus, the traitor, the slayer. Ah, it is "Brutus" this and "Brutus" that. Brutus is supposed to be honorable. Caesar is ambitious. Surely, he is ambitious and proud of it! I tell you, you blockhead, the pages should be full of Caesar—Caesar!! For two cookies such as good Calpurnia makes I would strike you to the ground and stride over you as though you were the dust on the wayside. What have you to say to that?

Shakespeare: (mildly) I am speechless.

Caesar: I walk across the stage. I am a sick sort of

person. Oh, how my weaknesses are emphasized, yet if I struck you, you pale-faced genius, you would collapse like a rag.

Shakespeare: My dear friend, can't we discuss this elsewhere? The very wind has ears and I can't afford to get in wrong with my multitude of fans.

SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL CINEMAS

Virginia Cole, '32

"An American Tragedy"—after you have shown the portentous report card to your father.

"Come on, Marines"—Mr. Gillespie's war cry to those who come in late from their showers.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"—Lucien Rousseau overburdened with homework.

"The Guardsman"—at the Cafeteria door.

"Daybreak"—time to be thinking of getting up if you have any hopes of catching that orange bus.

"The Sphinx Has Spoken"—Maynard Huntley in History Class.

"The Lady of the Lions"—the first girl in line in front of the mirror at recess.

"The Reckless Hour"—8th period.

"Rain or Shine"—school at S. H. S.

"Battle of the Centuries"—trying to make your teacher accept your alibi for coming into class late.

"The Ruling Voice"—the one who can be heard the loudest in class meetings.

"Heaven on Earth"—vacation.

"Caught Short"—when you get so excited in Burke's speech on "Conciliation" that you forget the gum in the roof of your mouth.

"The Secret Call"—Satan's voice tempting you to skip gym.

"Smart Women"—those who can read their shorthand notes after taking them down at 100 words a minute.

RAMBLE WITH ME

Harriet Poland, '34

Ramble with me along the little village street where flowers and blossoms are gaily waving to and fro. Above us the cool wind is blowing very gently through the trees whose leaf buds are fresh and green. Let us stop and admire this simple little cottage by the side of the road. It is soft yellow in color, with green trimmings blending with the various plant life and shubbery surrounding it. A row of birches bend gracefully over the street, hiding the little house from our view. At one side is a neat little vegetable garden where someone is kneeling in the soft earth, caring for the seedlings. We find a homey and cozy atmosphere pervading it, and feel as though we should be welcome there at any time. A little farther along we stop and gaze at the peaceful little pond below us. The deep blue of the sky lends a still deeper blue to the water. Someone is canoeing silently along its banks, gathering water lilies. A kingfisher, having just arrived, attracts our attention as he rattles to tell the whole world that this is *his* pond.

Now, ramble with me up the little lane to the old farmhouse. Near by is a meadow, where a group of children are playing. There is a large barn at one side where various farming implements can be seen. A garden, off at a little distance, is spotted with men who work from morning till night. The farmhouse itself needs a coat of paint and numerous repairs. It has an air of marked simplicity—a typical farmhouse.

Ramble with me along a cart path in the woods surrounding this old house. On either side of us we find a little brook babbling merrily over the pebbles. Let us stop and listen to it for a moment. It seems to say, "Come along! Come along!" Indeed, we wish we could, but we are lured on by the twisting and twirling path ahead of us. Each corner brings some new surprise. But stop. Down in that little shaded nook is a bunny, nibbling the tender young plants. We try to approach him stealthily. He seems rather friendly, but whenever we get about six feet from him, with a flip of his stubby tail, he hops into the bushes. Curious to explore the woods around us, we peep

in at the side; and there, half hidden by last year's leaves is a tiny pale pink bud, the snow drop. Having picked a few of these, we walk on a little farther, entranced by the stillness of the woods. A cow is lowing softly in the distance, a bell tinkles in another direction, a chickadee in his very best alto voice calls out to his mate. And so, for hours we could ramble together, through brier and bush, past field and brook, never once turning, walking hand in hand with Mother Nature.

THE CALL OF THE SEA

Ruth Spear, '33

I hear the waves so wild and free;
The breakers on the rocks I see;
The lights, to guide the sailors, flash;
I see the gulls go flying past.

I feel the damp wet breath of spray
On my cheek, at break of day,
I see the sun rise o'er the blue,
All pink and gold, as artists' hue.

I see some wreckage from the deep,
On the sand, the footprints of the peep;
I see a fish leap from the sea,
And then return to his life so free.

Oh, to live on the ocean bleak,
To feel spray always on my cheek,
To wake at dawn, the sun to see,
It's in my blood, the call of the sea.

The brain is a wonderful organ. It begins to work as soon as we wake up and never stops till we get to school.

Senior Biographies



DORIS AINSLIE Commercial
Baseball 1, Glee Club 1, 3, 4, Interclass Basketball 3.

Intended Vocation—Nurse.

Doris is busy all the while
Powdering her nose, and keeping
in style.

PRISCILLA BARNES General
Glee Club 3, Interclass Basketball 3, 4, Orchestra 3, Activity Committee Glee Club 3.

Intended Vocation—Librarian.

Priscilla likes her art, they say;
We'll see some fine results some
day.

JOSEPH BARRY General
Interclass Basketball 3, 4, Track 2, 3, 4, Football 4, Glee Club 4.

Intended Vocation—Banker.

Joe is quiet, neat and wise,
And does he have the snappy ties!

ROBERT BREEN Scientific
Basketball 2, 3, 4, Football 1, 2, 3, 4, Class Treasurer 1, Class Editor "Chimes" 3, "Double-Crossed" 1, Swimming 3, Glee Club 1.

Intended Vocation—Aeronautical Engineer.

Bobbie Breen is our star athlete
He takes first place in every meet.

WILMA BURBANK Commercial
"Double Crossed" 1, Secretary of Class 3, 4, Secretary of History Club, 4, Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

Intended Vocation—Secretary.

Wilma is pensive, tacit, and tall
And for a true friend she's the
best of them all.

Senior Biographies

VERA CHIPMAN College

"Double Crossed" 1, Glee Club 1, 2, 3, Orchestra 1, 2, 3, Secretary Treasurer of Glee Club 3, 'Chimes' Staff 3, 4, Class Play 4, A. A. Play 1, Interclass Basketball 3, 4.

Intended Vocation—Dietitian.

Never haughty, never proud,
Popular in every crowd.

JAMES COHEN Commercial

Glee Club 2, Commercial Play 3, Winner of "Literary Digest" Washington Essay Contest 4.

Intended Vocation—Business man

Jimmie is "Business" personified
He always has something to sell
by his side.

VIRGINIA COLE Commercial

Secretary of Class 1, Secretary of A. A. 1, Glee Club 1, 2, 3, Orchestra 1, 2, 3, "Double Crossed" 1, President Glee Club 2, 3, Treasurer of History Club 4, Manager Girls' Basketball 4, "Chimes" Staff 4, Class Play 4.

Intended Vocation—Secretary

"Ginger" at typing is very expert
And as team manager ever alert.

CHARLES COLMAN College

Class President 1, "Chimes" Staff 2, 3, 4, Orchestra 1, 2, 3, Glee Club 1, Basketball Manager 4, "Double Crossed" 1.

Intended Vocation—Naturalist.

Charles is a scholar—the pride of
our class,
And even at Harvard he's sure to
surpass.

WILLIAM CURRAN General

Football 2, 3, 4, Basketball 3, 4, Track 3.

Intended Vocation—Mechanic.

Bill is a star on the basketball
floor

He certainly knows what the bas-
kets are for.



Senior Biographies



ELIZABETH DOLAN Commercial
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4, "Double
Crossed" 1, Interstate Shorthand
Contest 3, Class Play 4.

Intended Vocation—Secretary.
"Liz" is a first-class commercializ-
ed girl
Unusually thoughtful and ne'er in
a whirl.

FREDERIC DORR Commercial
Glee Club 1, "Double Crossed" 1,
Class Play 4, Football 4, Track 3,
Cheer leader 4.

Intended Vocation—Accountant.
Fred likes to use his deep voice
quite a bit;
So at the head of the cheering
squad now he must sit.

GEORGE FLAHERTY Scientific
Football 4, Assistant Basketball
Manager 3, Glee Club 2.

Intended Vocation — Business
Manager.

Georgie is the sheik of our class:
He's sure to win some winsome
lass.

EDNA GLYNN General
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4, "Double
Crossed" 1, Baseball 1.

Intended Vocation—Music Tea-
cher.

Edna's sedate and ne'er shows her
ire;
To be a musician is her true desire.

JEANETTE HARRIS Commercial
Basketball 2, 3, 4, Baseball 1,
Hockey 4, Glee Club 2, 3, 4, Or-
chestra 1.

Intended Vocation—Typist.
Jean is athletic—that has been
proved;
When she is once set, she'll never
be moved.

Senior Biographies

MAYNARD HUNTLEY Commercial
Track 3, 4.

Intended Vocation — Railway
Mail Clerk.

Maynard's tall and never says
much;
That's one certain way to ne'er
"get in Dutch."

RENIE JACOBUCCI General
"Double Crossed" 1, Football 4,
Vice President Glee Club 4, Drum
Major of Band 4, Glee Club 1, 2,
3, 4.

Intended Vocation—Mechanic.
Renie is our school's mechanical
man
He'll fix up your car e'er you say
"Peter Pan."

JOHN JAKUBENS General
Football 2, 3, 4, Baseball 2, 3,
4, Track 2, Glee Club 1, 2, 3, Pres-
ident of Vocational Guidance Club
3, "Double Crossed" 1.

Intended Vocation—Physical Di-
rector.
Baseball is new and fresh in our
minds,
But don't forget "Jake" on that
old football line.

WALTER JONES General
Football 3, 4, Baseball 1, 2, 3,
4, Track 2, 3, 4, Interclass Basket-
ball 3, 4, Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Vice
President Vocational Guidance
Club 3, "Double Crossed" 1.

Intended Vocation—Golf Profes-
sional.
"Bud" excels on the athletic field,
For the baseball and football he
surely can wield.

ELEANOR KENT General
"Chimes" Staff 3, 4, Class Play
4, Assistant Basketball Manager 4.
Intended Vocation—Dancer.
Eleanor's small and athletic and
smart,
And with her composing she'll sure
win your heart.



Senior Biographies



BERNADETTE LAVOINE Commercial
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4, "Double
Crossed" 1.

Intended Vocation—Secretary
Here's a girl who's commercially
inclined.
And a neater young lass you ne'er
will find.

LOIS LINCOLN Commercial
Glee Club 1, 3, 4, Hockey Man-
ager 4, Captain of Basketball Team
4, Basketball 2, 3, 4, Baseball 1,
"Double Crossed" 1, Orchestra 1,
3.

Intended Vocation—Osteopath.
When you hear that a guard has
stepped over the line,
Just look for Jimmy—she'll pay
the fine.

HERBERT LITCHFIELD General
"Double Crossed" 1, Glee Club
1, 2, 3, 4, President of Combined
Glee Clubs 4, Band 4, Interclass
Basketball 4.

Intended Vocation—Singer.
When Herbie sings while other
hum,
We have to forget how he banged
that bass drum.

JOHN LONERGAN General
"Double Crossed" 1, Glee Club
1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary and Treasur-
er of Glee Club 2, 3, 4, Interclass
Basketball 3, 4, Football 3, 4.

Intended Vocation—Clerk.
John Lonergan's a helpful man;
He'll take you anywhere he can.

CARLETON MERRITT Scientific
Assistant Manager of Baseball
3, Manager of Football Team 4.

Intended Vocation—Refrigerat-
ing Engineer.
Carleton always thinks he's busy
Trav'ling 'round in a maroon tin
lizzie.

Senior Biographies

STANLEY MURPHY Scientific

Class President 3, 4, "Chimes" Staff 1, 3, 4, Basketball 3, 4, Glee Club 1, "Double Crossed" 1, Baseball 2, 4, Orchestra 1, 2, 3, Class Play 4, Assistant Track Manager 3.

Intended Vocation—Physical Director.

Stan is popular, tall, and athletic
And his class leadership's very prophetic.

DONALD W. PARSONS College

Vice President of Class 1, Class Play 4, Tennis 2, 3, 4, Basketball 2, 3, 4, President U. S. History Club 4, Baseball Manager 3, Editor of "Chimes" 4.

Intended Vocation—Dentist.

A basketball man is a tiresome old story,
But when there's an argument,
Don's in his glory.

MARION PERRY General

Glee Club 1, 3, 4, "Double Crossed" 1.

Intended Vocation—Dietitian.

Marion is not obtrusive
Her quietness is all inclusive.

RUTH REARDON College

Basketball 3, "Chimes" Staff 4, Class Play 4, Interclass Basketball 4.

Intended Vocation—Dietitian.

Ruthie writes jokes for the
"Chimes"—and why not?
But that's only one of the talents
she's got.

EDNA SECOR Commercial

Glee Club 1, 3, 4, "Double Crossed" 1, Inter Class Basketball 3.

Intended Vocation—Stenographer.

Edna's a girl who will always be
A typist of superiority.



Senior Biographies



ROSALYN STONE Commercial

Class Play 4, Vice President of Glee Club 2, Glee Club 1, 2, 3, "Double Crossed" 1.

Intended Vocation—Secretary.

You know Rozzie's here by the noises she makes,
And her heels that resound at each step that she takes.

BURCHILL SWEENEY College

Class Treasurer 3, 4, Vice President of U. S. History Club 4, Manager of Basketball 3, Class Play 4, "Chimes" Staff 3, 4, Baseball 1, 2, Basketball 4.

Intended Vocation—Doctor.

Burchill knows words that far exceed

Those that Webster used to read.

HELEN VIALL College

Class Play 4, "Double Crossed" 1, Glee Club 1, 2, Orchestra 1, 2.

Intended Vocation—Artist.

Helen has talent in music and art
And a flirtatious manner to win her your heart.

ROBERT VINTON Scientific

Baseball 2, 3, 4, Football 3, 4, Treasurer Vocational Guidance Club 3.

Intended Vocation—Physical Director.

Bobbie's what we call a "good-natured kid"

His casual drawing shows the talent that's hid.

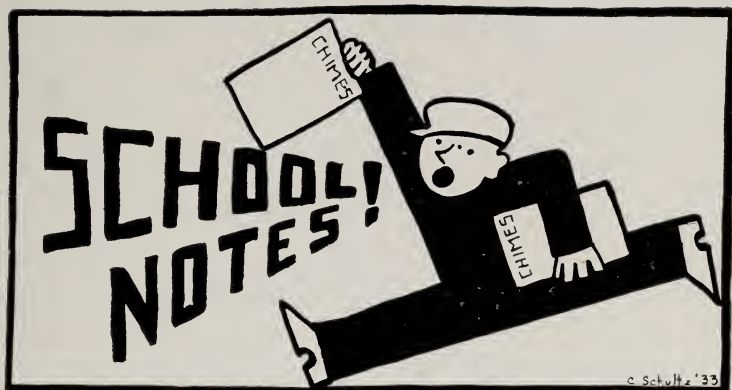
HOLLIS YOUNG Scientific

President of Class 2, Vice President 3, 4, President of A. A. 4, Class Play 4, Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4, Basketball 2, 3, 4, Tennis 2, 3, 4, Manager of Football 3, Track 2, 3, 4.

Intended Vocation—Architect.

Hollis is clever—an actor to be;

In basketball games he makes history.



Priscilla Barnes, '32

September 9—Here we are back at school. We see quite a few new faces, mostly those of freshmen, but the following who are new to this town: Mr. Thornton, our new coach, who was formerly a Hanoverite; Elizabeth Eason, a freshman from the Brimmer School; Frances Harrigan, who comes from Dorchester High for Girls; Thomas Harrigan from the Grover Cleveland School in Dorchester.

September 9—The following officers were elected in the American History Club: Donald Parsons, president; Virginia Cole, secretary-treasurer; Burchill Sweeney, vice-president.

September 14—Mr. Thornton started to test material for a football squad. Looks as though we might have some pretty teamwork.

September 14—The Senior Class elected the following officers: Stanley Murphy, president; Hollis Young, vice-president; Burchill Sweeney, treasurer; Wilma Burbank, secretary; Miss Dudley, class adviser.

September 15—The officers of the Junior Class are Mary Sweeney, president; Gertrude Glynn, vice-president; Winifred Bartington, treasurer; Marguerite McCaffrey, secretary; Miss Freeman, class adviser.

September 16—Three new pupils registered: Anne DeSavache from Wakefield; Dorothea McMorro, who was a pupil in Somerville High School; Edward McMorro, who comes from the Northeastern Junior High in Somerville.

September 16—The Sophomores elected the following class officers: Gordon Logan, president; Ruth Spear, vice-president; Doris Overland, secretary; Chester Stone, treasurer; Mr. Thornton, class adviser.

September 17—Wayland Minot, who has come from Brown-Nichols School, registered in the books of dear old Scituate.

September 17—The Freshman Class elected the following officers: Ruth Stonefield, president; Jack Barry, vice-president; Rosalie Creelman, secretary; Gilman Wilder, treasurer; Mr. Riley, class adviser.

September 18—The Athletic Association elected the following officers: Hollis Young, president; Gordon Logan, vice-president; Miss Dudley, treasurer; Rosalie Creelman, secretary. They also voted to have Carleton Merritt the manager of the football team and Paul Young the assistant manager.

September 23—The Boys' Glee Club elected their officers: Herbert Litchfield, president; Renie Jacobucci, vice-president; John Lonergan, secretary-treasurer.

September 28—We have another new pupil, Joan Avery, from Marycliff Academy in Arlington Heights.

September 29—The Girls' Glee Club chose its officers as follows: Frances Harrigan, president; Lois Lincoln, vice-president; Jean Bresnahan, secretary; Leola Taylor, treasurer.

October 6—H. Scott Killgore, who comes all the way from L'Ecole de Alpes Celigny in Switzerland, has enlisted in the ranks of the Freshman Class.

October 6—The field hockey season opened with a game with Hingham. Sad to relate, our girls lost, but never mind, Hingham's had much more experience than we have.

October 16—The school divided into two teams, the Army and Navy, to sell magazines for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

October 19—We have another sophomore, Gertrude Reynolds, from Mt. St. Joseph Academy.

October 19—We had the privilege of listening over the radio to the program of the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the Battle at Yorktown. We heard several

speeches, among which was an address given by the President of the United States.

October 31—The Seniors gave a unique Hallowe'en Dance which was a great success. The hall was decorated in all the spooky regalia of a Hallowe'en festivity.

December 1—James Cohen won first prize and Marion Perry won second prize in an essay contest on George Washington. These two pupils were selected to represent our school in a national contest sponsored by the "Literary Digest."

December 7—At an assembly held in the auditorium the members of the girls' hockey team received letters for their valiant effort on the hockey field. The football men, besides receiving letters, each received a charmingly-finished gold football.

December 15—Harold Toomey, a former Lynn High School student, has registered as a sophomore.

December 16—The faculty gave a Christmas program which contained speeches by the two coaches and carols which were sung by the teachers with the aid of the student body.

December 21—The Junior and Senior Art Classes had the infinite pleasure of seeing some of their work on display. For some time they have been working on a background for a Christmas display for Welch's store.

December 23—Mr. Thornton celebrated the coming of vacation with his home room pupils by having a party with ice cream n' cakes n' everythin'! We wish we could have gone!

January 5—Cheering practice was held for the first time in the auditorium. Vera Chipman and Fred Dorr had quite a time getting all the surplus energy boiled down to a nice quiet cheer.

January 8—We have a new senior, Doris Dewey, who comes from Sea Pines School.

January 8—The first basketball game of the season was played with Pembroke. Miss Whidden and Mr. Thornton have been doing some good coaching apparently, for we won both games.

January 13—Such a nerve racking day! It is the glorious occasion of the Senior Class play "Strawberry Kate." We think it was great and we should like to see it again. Herbert Litchfield, in our eyes, deserves praise for his solo which was given between the acts. Congratulations everyone!

January 20—Miss Dudley and part of the "Chimes" staff went to the second annual meeting of the Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications. Those who went came back bursting with ideas.

January 21—Thelma Gilchrist, from Brewster High School, has come here to be a junior.

February 5—Interclass basketball for boys started off with a bang as the Freshmen boys played a peppy game with the Seniors.

February 12—Mr. Thornton and his home room pupils celebrated Valentine's Day by exchanging valentines.

February 19—Vacation is here again. Looks as though we might be able to get a little schooling in the art of skating.

March 1—Mrs. Ward took some of the Junior Art Class into Boston to go through the Art Museum.

March 2—The girls of the Freshman class had a fast game of basketball when the first and second teams played. This is the first game of the interclass battles.

March 4—Helen Spear and Stanley Murphy went "ad" hunting. We never heard of the sport, but it sounds exciting.

March 7—All the essays written by the pupils of the High School were submitted to the Scituate Grange. The prize was given to Lois Lincoln for having written the best one. This contest was open to all pupils in S. H. S. and the essay was about George Washington.

March 8—The student body tramped to the Woman's Club to enjoy a talk by a former principal of the Scituate High, Mr. Clark. After the talk we were treated with ice cream and cookies, and music by our own orchestra.

March 9—Scituate boys took part in a basketball tournament at Brockton. As a result of winning a game from Sharon, they were entered in the semi-finals.

March 15—The representative from the Wilson Photo-

graph Company took pictures of the teams and also of every individual in High School.

March 16—The orchestra played at the Baptist church for the Welfare League and was presented with a beautiful ivory baton decorated with blue tassels and cords.

THAT'S HOW

W. C. Cogswell, '35

If studies are hard, do not spend time fretting or saying "I can't" but keep at them; that is the only way to succeed.

If a fault is to be cured, it cannot be done by just being sorry; you must keep fighting it until it is cured. That's how!

SENIOR HALL OF NOTORIETY

G. Schuyler, '34

Cutest	Anne Howe
Tardiest	Jesse Minute
Most Attractive	Mabel Lean
Most Intelligent	Sarah Bellum
Most Athletic	B. Nana Splitt
Most All Round	Ella Phant
Most Carefree	Bee Nonchalant
Most Feminine	Molly Coddle
Most Sophisticated	Sue Perior
Most Tactful	Hannah Line
Most Musical	Do Raymey
Most Talkative	Bab Allon
Most Tempermental	Iva Complex

Stan: "Why doesn't the moon fall?"

Hollis: "Oh, it must be the beams."

Breen: "Were you ever in a play?"

Vinton: "Well, I had my leg in a cast once."

Mr. Gillespie: "What is the cause of leap year?"

Donald: "To give the girls a break."



DRAMATICS

On January 13, the High School Auditorium was filled to its capacity, at the presentation of "Strawberry Kate," the senior class play. The production, which proved to be a huge success, was ably coached by Miss Marion Freeman, a member of the Scituate High faculty. The clever actors and actresses, who received much praise, were as follows:

Kate Winton Eleanor Kent

"Strawberry Kate"

Mrs. Winton Ruth Reardon

Kate's aunt, living near the town of Cedar Grove

Hazel Downing Helen Viall

A pretty, eighteen-year old neighbor

Gwendolyn Norton Virginia Cole

A member of Cedar Grove's aristocracy

Minnie Holzapfel Rosalyn Stone

A beaming, German woman, who is looking for a second husband.

Betty Crawford Elizabeth Dolan

Bob's impish, sixteen-year-old sister

Chrysanthemum Klotz Vera Chipman

Mrs. Winton's lugubrious hired girl

Bob Crawford Stanley Murphy

"Babbling Brooks"

Charlie Granger Hollis Young

Bob's friend

Tommy Meadows Donald Parsons

A pompous and dignified neighbor of seventeen.

Ezra Norton Frederick Dorr
 The biggest man in Cedar Grove
 Jim Tuckett Burchill Sweeney
 A deputy constable

Synopsis:

Act I—Room in the home of Mrs. Winton on the outskirts of the town of Cedar Grove. A Saturday morning in spring.

Act II—Same as Act I. A week later, about five p. m.

Act III—Same. A week later about seven-fifteen p. m.

* * * * *

A very interesting assembly was held in the Auditorium on December 23 before the Christmas vacation. Various Christmas carols were sung by the student body and the members of the faculty. The latter were seated on the stage.

Miss Whidden praised the girls' hockey squad, a newly organized team for the girls this fall, and presented the members of the squad with hockey letters.

Mr. Wendell Thornton expressed his sincere appreciation of the wonderful cooperation and record of the 1931 football squad. He then presented the members of the squad with letters.

Old Gentleman (at elaborate wedding): "Such confusion. Are you the groom?"

Breen: "No. I was eliminated in the semi-finals."

Barnes: "I saw a man swallow a sword once."

Logan: "That's nothing; I saw a man inhale a camel."

Mr. Cole: "When hardships came, what did the Virginia colonists do?"

Sweeney: "Ahem! They sailed away in them."

Thornton: "Bill, your mouth is open!"

Curran: "Yep, I opened it myself."



FOOTBALL

The indomitable Scituate High School football team is for the second time the championship eleven of the South Shore League. These gridsters won seven of the eight games played and set the remarkable record of being scored on by only two of their opponents. The captain of this great team and one of the most aggressive centers in high school football was John Jakubens. Such men as Charlie Jenkins, Walter Jones, Charlie Schultz, Tom Curran, and the stalwart Les Gates stood out prominently as the fastest and most scientific backfield men seen in this locality for many years. The unfailing line was composed of Vinton, Stanley, Breen, Graham, Meschini, Dorr, Curran and Dwyer. These men received letters. Every game was fast and well-played, and to cap such a sparkling season, Bill Curran, the rambling right-end, who had been confined to his home for three weeks with a broken collar bone, intercepted a Marshfield forward pass on his own seven-yard line and tore down the field for a touchdown. Mr. Wendell Thornton, a graduate of Colby College, coached the team and under his careful tutelage this successful eleven was developed. Carleton Merritt was the business-like manager of the team.

The scores of the games were as follows:

Scituate	31	Randolph	0
Scituate	6	Kingston	0
Scituate	7	Rockland	0
Scituate	10	Alumni	0
Scituate	7	Bourne	0



Scituate	18	East Bridgewater	0
Scituate	0	Hanover	7
Scituate	18	Marshfield	6

BASKETBALL

The memory of the past basketball season will remain for a long time. It was a hard fought season from the first game to the last. Every team was at its best. They all realized the potency of their opponents and each team strove for supremacy. The spirit shown by the townspeople and the student body for basketball has greatly increased, and much credit must be given to Coach Thornton for the team which he built up. A victory is a victory. It matters not whether it is gained by one point or more. However, a few statistics will show that our basketball team played well. Two games were lost by one point, which is equivalent to a foul shot, and three games were lost by two points, one floor shot other than a foul. Bob Breen played every game consistently as he generally tallied

six points in every game. However, owing to a serious illness, he was unable to play in the last Hanover game.

Two games, on our own floor, will long be remembered. On February fifteenth the Scituate quintet swept thru a great Marshfield team, chalking up a score of twenty to fourteen. The rivalry between these two teams was intense because of the defeat which they gave us on their own floor, and also our victory over them in football. The teams were evenly matched and the Scituate five led by one point at the half. Upon returning to the floor, Scituate played such a strong offensive game that they were not to be overcome.

With two minutes left, our forwards flashed thru, scoring four points that clinched the game for S. H. S.

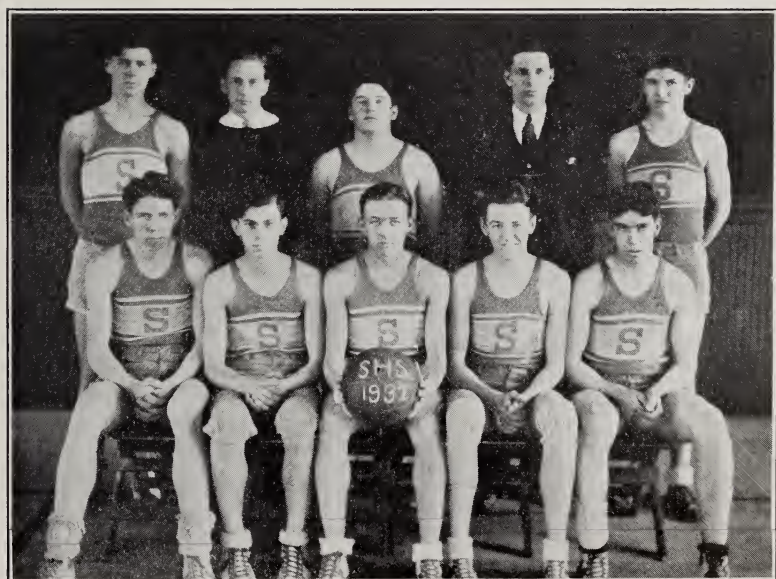
Playing with unprecedented skill our team was victorious over the fast-passing East Bridgewater team by tallying a score of twenty-four to seventeen. Our versatile center, Bob Breen, after recuperating from a serious illness, played a brilliant game. Captain Hollis Young and Don Parsons, our sharpshooting forwards, filled the basket full. Stan Murphy, Bill Curran, and Charlie Jenkins played a stellar defensive game. To the marked disappointment of all, Coach Thornton was forced to remain in bed owing to a severe cold, but Mr. Cole, as acting-manager, took over the team. The week's vacation did not in any way dampen the ardour or the playing ability of the Scituate five.

Captain Hollis Young and Donald Parsons were our high scoring forwards. Gordon Logan and Stan Murphy showed praiseworthy ability as fast, hard-playing forwards also. Bill Curran, the invincible left guard, paired up with the rugged Charlie Jenkins at right. Tom Curran, the stellar football man, started with the squad but on account of a weakened shoulder blade, he was forced to abandon all hopes of playing. A special statement from Coach Thornton assures all that the prospects for next year are excellent. Probably Curran, Jenkins, Stone and Ford will comprise next year's first team. Charles Colman was the manager of this year's team. The letter men were Breen, Murphy, Young, Parsons, Jenkins, Logan, Curran, Sweeney and Colman, Mgr.

The results of the games were as follows:

Scituate	25	Pembroke	27
Scituate	39	Duxbury	9
Scituate	19	Norwell	21
Scituate	14	Marshfield	15
Scituate	34	Alumni	6
Scituate	15	Hanover	17
Scituate	12	East Bridgewater	21
Scituate	10	Pembroke	11
Scituate	43	Duxbury	15
Scituate	19	Norwell	25
Scituate	20	Marshfield	14
Scituate	19	Hanover	31
Scituate	28	Manchester	34
Scituate	24	East Bridgewater	17
Scituate	16	Sharon	11

(At Brockton Tournament.)



BASEBALL

Coach Thornton called all baseball candidates out on March fourteenth. Five players on the varsity team were lost by graduation but the number of candidates available have compensated for that loss. The following men have reported:

Catchers—J. Jakubens, L. Turner, F. Stanley, J. Jacobucci.

Pitchers—G. Logan, M. Poland, C. Jenkins, J. Lavoine.

First base—R. Breen, S. Murphy, W. Jones, M. Bongarzone.

Second base—C. Jenkins, Toomey, L. Graham, R. Barnes.

Third base—G. Flaherty, L. Bongarzone.

Short Stop—H. Young, G. James.

Outfield—V. Dwyer, A. Finnie, G. Herbert, P. Jakubens, H. Thayer, C. Stone, G. Shultz, L. Gates, J. Lonergan, D. Parsons, R. Jacobucci, F. Dorr, R. Vinton, W. Jones, T. Curran, M. Meschini, P. Young.

There was much good material for any position in the outfield. The greatest problem which confronted the coach was the pitching staff, but this was soon solved. Games were played with the teams of Marshfield, Norwell, Cohasset, Duxbury, Kingston, East Bridgewater, Pembroke and Hanover. Practice games were played with Storey High of Manchester and North Quincy High.

CLASS ATHLETICS

We are most fortunate in having such a splendid gymnasium in which those students who have not the ability to be on one or more of the varsity teams can build up their bodies by performing certain calisthenics in these classes which are held daily. Coach Thornton, who is an expert authority on physical education, is their instructor. At times he discovers one student who has developed rapidly and is adept in a certain game. Then he gives this student an opportunity to play on a varsity team if the good work continues.



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Marguerite McCaffrey

Last fall Miss Whidden, our physical culture instructor, started a girls' hockey team. Hockey was an entirely new sport to the girls, and considering that it was their first year at field hockey, they played some great games. As the season continued the girls showed much progress. The first game with Marshfield our girls lost by six points, but in the second game Marshfield's lead was reduced to four. The Hingham team won by three points in the first game, but in the second contest Scituate lost by only one point. Jean Bresnahan, Jean Harris, Priscilla Jones, Lois Lincoln, manager, Jane Pitkin, Giertrug Schuyler, Elizabeth Stonefield, Evelyn Stonefield, Ruth Stonefield, Mary Sweeney, Alberta Turner, Lillian Turner and Marguerite McCaffrey received letters for field hockey. The scores of the games were as follows:

Scituate	0	Hingham	3
Scituate	0	Marshfield	6



Scituate	0	Marshfield	4
Scituate	1	Hingham	2

The girls, under the excellent coaching of Miss Whidden, had their usual successful basketball season. They came through with flying colors and were certainly a credit to Scituate High school. The following scores proved that the girls had a team which we may well be proud of:

Scituate	38	Pembroke	22
Scituate	28	Duxbury	23
Scituate	43	Norwell	15
Scituate	28	Marshfield	36
Scituate	42	Alumni	30
Scituate	38	Hanover	26
Scituate	36	East Bridgewater	19
Scituate	36	Pembroke	23
Scituate	30	Duxbury	22
Scituate	38	Norwell	13
Scituate	30	Marshfield	32
Scituate	31	Hanover	46
Scituate	42	East Bridgewater	10

The girls who received their letters for basketball are Virginia Cole, manager; Jean Harris, Lois Lincoln, Giertrug Schuyler, Elizabeth Stonefield, Mary Sweeney, Alberta Turner, and Lillian Turner.

The girls are looking forward to a tennis team this spring. Last year the girls played off games among themselves but didn't play other schools.

A great deal has been accomplished in gym work under the instruction of Miss Whidden. We have had a lot of drilling in marching this year, and can column right and corner march as well as any West Point cadet now. We have learned many new folk dances, and we snap through our exercises like Trojans.

GYM

Marguerite McCaffrey, '33

You really should come into the gym
And see us work each aching limb,
We skip and jump and hop and run
And truly have a lot of fun.

Our arms go up, out, forward, down
While we are jumping all around,
We dive across that queer old buck
And sometimes have disastrous luck.

We stretch ourselves out on the floor,
And then commence to groan and roar.
We stretch our legs, we stretch our arms,
But truly come to no great harm.

We march just right, we skip just so,
And fling our arms both high and low.
We do our best to climb those ropes
But oft' times dash Miss Whidden's hopes.

Our gym work being now complete
We rush to class on nimble feet.
We've had our fun, we've had our play,
And now must work the live long day.



Ellen Bailey, '31

As we look over the list of the Alumni of Scituate High School and the records they have made in the last fifty years, we feel justified in being a little proud of ourselves, our town, and our school.

Since this issue is dedicated to the class of 1882, we wish to extend congratulations to those who were the first of the 625 students to graduate from Scituate High up until 1932.

The two living members of that class of fifty years ago are Mrs. Henry Turner Bailey, (Josephine Maria Litchfield) of Scituate, and Mr. Ernest J. Brown of Medford, Massachusetts. The four of the class not living are Mrs. Phillip Clark (nee Annie Eliza Chubbuck), Mable Cole, Mrs. Gould (nee Jennie Parker Seaverns), and Dr. Henry Turner Bailey.

Though, as yet, we have graduated no "Presidents of the United States" or even "Vice Presidents," we are proud of our ancestors (in the academic sense) and have great hopes for the future.

We will give an idea of what our most recent graduates, the members of the Class of 1931, are doing in preparation for their futures:

Dwight Agnew is attending Northeastern University.

Frances Alexander is training for a nurse in the Children's Hospital, Boston.

Ellen Bailey is taking a post-graduate course at Scituate High School.

Clifford Blanchard is studying electric wiring at Wentworth Institute.

Mildred Bresnahan is working at the Co-operative Bank, Scituate.

Selwyn Chipman is a student at Maine University.

Ruth Damon is now Mrs. John L. Smith.

Kathryn Dorr is taking a special course at Scituate High preparatory to entering Bridgewater Normal School.

Priscilla Dunbar is married to George Dwight of Scituate.

Frederick Gosewich is part-time clerk at the First National store, Scituate.

Marjorie Hill is enrolled at the Boston School of Arts and Designs.

Dorothy Knox is working for her father in Hingham.

George Lowell is studying at Colby College.

Dorothy MacDonald is working for Harold Cole, tax-collector, Scituate.

Jeannette Nichols is Mrs. Elmer Hollis.

Louise Nichols is working at Carl Fresina's store at the Harbor.

Harriet Pierce is taking a course at Fannie Farmer's School in Boston.

Virginia Poland is attending the Boston School of Domestic Arts.

John Quinn is a student at Burdett College.

Arthur Spear works at the First National Store, Scituate.

Alden Torrey is attending Northeastern University.

Anna Tufts is working at Pocasset, Massachusetts.

Frank Vinal attends Northeastern University.

A few of the class of 1931 are at home: Frederick Dwyer, Roberta Huntley, Stanley Stonefield and Mary Stott.

GREETINGS TO THE CLASS OF '32 FROM A GRADUATE OF '82

Looking back down the vista of years it hardly seems possible that fifty years have elapsed since my classmates and I graduated from the Scituate High School, the first class to achieve this distinction.

My pleasure in reaching this fiftieth anniversary is marred

by the death of all but one of my classmates and particularly by the recent death of my schoolboy chum and seatmate, Henry Turner Bailey. Although in later years our paths have diverged widely and our meetings have been few, I have watched his career with interest, and have always considered it an honor that a high-minded youth of his caliber should have chosen me as his particular school chum.

As I go back in memory to the days of '82, I have in mind a picture of the school in the Town Hall, with its four rows of double seats, and the two large coal stoves, one at each end of the room; the water bucket and tin dipper near the entrance, our sole water supply for the day. The faces of my school mates are as clear to me as on that memorable night in June when we received our diplomas and started out to try our unfledged wings.

Since that time many changes have taken place. A new school building was erected and the school was moved from the Town Hall, giving greater comfort to the teachers and pupils. Later the present building was erected.

Through the years I have watched the growth of the school with interest, from an average attendance of about forty with one teacher, to its present size, teaching staff and enlarged curriculum. You, the fortunate beneficiaries of these improvements, are about to go forth from your alma mater as I, a member of the first class, did fifty years ago.

May fortune smile upon you, may you see your ambitions fulfilled and may you so live that you will have the respect and love of your associates and be an honor to the dear old town of Scituate and our common alma mater.

ERNEST J. BROWN,

Medford, Mass.

Class of '82

GREETING FROM OLDEST GRADUATE

What a distinction is mine to be the oldest living graduate of the Scituate High School.

A half century ago in 1882, six made up the first public graduating class, but only Ernest Brown and I are left. Ernest is a few months younger than I am.

The Scituate High School owes its start in the right direction to Stephen A. Snow, who made the first regular

course of study for us to follow and inspired us with the value of a High School education.

Two years before, in 1880, three young men received diplomas from the hand of the school committee during an afternoon session of the school. These three young men are still living, I believe. They are: C. Lincoln Litchfield, Henry R. Prouty and Andrew O. Waterman, all from the "Harbor." How proud we all were of them!

But what a surprise was the first public graduation to the school committee, parents and friends and the whole town on the night of June 16, 1882! Our class motto was "First but only Pioneers." Our class color "Antique Gold" a color as popular then as is Powder Blue or Beige now. We had the Hingham Philharmonic Orchestra of thirteen pieces—and flowers, flowers, everywhere. "All seats in the Unitarian Church were taken, more than five hundred being present." I quote from the "South Shore Herald." Outside the yard was crowded with horse drawn vehicles, many of them filled with people unable to get into the church.

Our class was made up of four girls—Annie, Jennie, Mabel, Josie and two boys, Ernest and Henry.

I cannot help but add a personal word at this time. The year 1932 not only marks the fiftieth anniversary of the graduation of Henry and Josephine, but the fiftieth anniversary of their engagement which occurred on June 18, two days after "we went forth into the world."

JOSEPHINE LITCHFIELD BAILEY,
Class of '82

Stan Murphy owned two cars (even in this depression), an Austin and a Ford.

Breen: "Say, Murphy, What are you going to do with two cars this winter?"

Murph: "Oh, I don't intend to use both. I'll put the big car up until spring."

A Chinese had a toothache and phoned a dentist for an appointment. "Two-thirty all right?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," replied the Celestial. "Tooth hurtee, all right. What time I come?"



Virginia Cole, '32 Carol Vollmer, '34

We have been very busy this year and have had quite a few magazines sent us which we wish to comment on. Our following report is only a Utopian report, but it is submitted with the sanguine feeling that in the next century or two the Exchange Editors all over the country will be able to visit the different high schools in their individual aeroplanes, and exchange ideas somewhat as we have pictured in our hypothetical anecdote:

We were all ready for our long journey through the state. The bed had seen us at seven o'clock the night before, and we had all eaten our yeast cakes to make us feel at our best. The long-looked-for day had arrived. We felt rather important and we anticipated our tasks with a keen pleasure and curiosity. It was an ideal day for our expedition, just cold enough to make our ears sting, our noses red, and put the old life right into us.

But what in the world was the matter with this pertinacious, stubborn little Austin! Maybe this was a premonition that all wasn't going so well, but no—it couldn't be, because there she was sputtering away for dear life, and finally we drove out of the garage in the direction of East Bridgewater. They had been thoughtful enough to send us a copy of their "Students' Pen," so it was our pleasure to acknowledge their kindness. We were greeted most cordially there, and as they were having assembly, we were requested to give our message there. They were very much pleased and encouraged when we told them what an exceptionally fine Joke Department they had, and what a

splendid idea it was to have a Book and Play review, and complimented C. Frederick on his "Impressions of the Senior." Then they put their little word in. They made their remarks about the "Chimes" and told us that we had a well-balanced book, that our material was excellent, and that our advertising showed that our business manager was a hard worker. We should have liked to stay longer, but as we had so many calls to make, we felt that we must be hustling on our way.

When we reached our next stop, Randolph, we refilled little Austin's gas tank and walked bravely up to the Stetson High School and left our message. We truthfully told them that they had a very interesting Literary Department and that "Puppy Love" and "Savage Amusement" had brought forth our frank approval. We thought that more cuts or pictures and also a page for autographs would improve their magazine.

By this time we craved sustenance, so off we rushed to a restaurant and after having made goimands of ourselves, we planned to drive to Stoughton. It was a cold ride but we managed to keep warm by reading their stories and face-tiae. Having discussed the "Semaphore," we concluded that more poems and a page for autographs would improve their magazine. We found the Editorials very amusing and well written. "Escaped by a Fingertip" caught our attention.

Our next stop was at Sumner High School in Hollbrook. Each one of us made her comment on the "Echo." The first suggestion was that they might have their editorials under a separate Editorial Department. The second person found the Joke Department very amusing. We all arrived at the conclusion that their Poetry and Literary Departments were cleverly written.

Now for our last stop, Somerville High School. We found the Editorial Department of the "Radiator" very interesting, but suggested that their stories come under the Literary Department, and that more poems would improve their magazine. We concluded that it was a very estimable book, and, having left our comments at their school, we started homeward, weary and tired, but with a satisfied feeling that our day's work had not been in vain.



Ruth A. Reardon, '32

Helen to Vera: "What's that bright purple flag down at the end of the corridor?"

Vera: "Oh—that's Mr. Thornton's tie."

Mr. Cole: "And who was leading this army?"

Hollis: "Washington—he was riding on the back of his horse and—

Mr. Cole: "Pardon me, but did that horse have a rumble seat?"

Don: (motoring with "Gin") "When I get married I'm gonna get a girl that doesn't drink tea for breakfast."

Gin: "I'm sorry, but I like tea."

Don: (perplexed) "I know it—what about it?"

Gin: "You'll soon get used to tea."

Stan: (lighting a cigarette) "Do you object to smoking?"

Eleanor: (with determination) "I certainly do."

Stan: (continuing to smoke) "Well, some do and some don't."

Vint: "These modern girls are just like Scituate fireman."

Ruthie: "How's that?"

Vint: "Well, they're always ready but never called."

Mrs. Young: "What did you learn in Sunday School today, dear?"

Hollis: "The Lord is my chauffeur,—I shall not walk."

She: "I heard today that your son is an undertaker. I thought you said he was a physician."

He: "Not at all; I said he followed the medical profession."

Georgie: "My wife says if I don't give up golf she'll leave me."

Priscilla: "That's too bad."

Georgie: "Yes—I'll miss her."

Judge: "Guilty or not guilty?"

Sam: "Not guilty, suh."

Judge: "Ever been arrested before?"

Sam: "No suh—Ah ain't never speeded befo'."

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Stan not with Hollis?

Liz without Dwight?

Ruth without "Litch"?

Vera on time from gym?

Gin not chewing gum?

Herbie without the bass drum?

Jimmie manager of the baseball team?

Lonergan doing some Algebra?

Miss Dudley not requiring the leaf notebooks?

Babe not scoring a basket?

Doris not talking to Huntley?

Gert not singing?

Don without an argument?

Burchill without a speech prepared.

Logy without a grin?

Eleanor with her Latin done?

Ruthie behaving in study hall?

Gil not swiping fudge?

Paul with his "Virgil" finished?

AUTOGRAPHS

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